Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - MISSOURI.

FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

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FABLE THE FIFTH.—CONTINUED.

He had long felt as if walking, not merely in his sleep, but in one of those familiar nightmares wherein the legs feel like dragging lead and yet have to go on and on and on, against time and need, with the minutes flying away fast before and vague pursuit behind. But the lights put new life into him. They meant, at the very worst, a heel of hard goat's cheese and a litter of straw. A little ravine broke the plain and led towards the twinkle. He did not remember the path, but his mind was in a daze. No doubt he would know it well enough by day. At last—

"*Qui va là?*"

He started, and rubbed his eyes. That was not quite the way they challenged in Portuguese.

"Friend," said he. "Lusitanian Legion. Bringing in wounded—"

"*Halte-là!*"

But by the light of a lantern he soon saw what the language would have told less sleepy ears. The ears woke up now, and the eyes, too. He looked round him—still bewildered, though as wide awake as a weary man could be.

"Escalona?" he asked.

"He thinks he is in Escalona!" said the man with the lantern, holding it into his eyes. Then, from the hut that served for a guard-room, came out an officer, with Frenchman written all over him, who looked at the swaying soldier on the horse and then from him to the Portuguese soldier on foot, as if he were put out by such a combination of things.

Dick saluted, hand to cap. "I'm afraid I've made a slight mistake," said he, in his native tongue. "I've brought this comrade of mine, dead or alive, out of the fight: I'm of the Lusitanian Legion at Escalona, and I thought this was Escalona; but I'm hanged if I think so now, unless you French have cared to carry that beggarly hole. I suppose I'm a prisoner? All right. But I suppose you've got a surgeon for my comrade here?"

They only stared. Then the officer gave an order, in which Dick could make out a word that seemed to mean "Interpreter." And he must have been right; for after some quarter of an hour, with the English soldier's head reclining on his shoulder, a woman, dressed Spanish fashion, appeared, and talked with the officer some five minutes more. Then the lantern was again thrust into his eyes, so that he could hardly see for blinking.

"Sir," said she, in English that startled him, "the Lieutenant here desires me to interpret your story for him. What shall I say?"

"Madam Krasinska! Madam Krasinska, by all that's—"

"Hush. We have no names here, if you please. Remember two things, and we shall get on very well. One—none here knows English; not one word. Two—say what you like to me, and I shall turn it into any sort of French I please. Only, do not lie to me. It is I who shall find the lies."

"The lies—I should think you will!"

She spoke to the Lieutenant, as if interpreting; and afterwards, whenever the prisoner spoke—no doubt quite as faithfully as she pleased.

"You were more gallant on Wednesday," said she. "But it is all equal. I quite comprehend you will never believe in a woman again—until the next time."

"Hm! Is this Escalona?"

"Escalona! No; this is Santa Olalla, do you not know? Have you not then taken my counsel, and come—"

"As a spy? So that's what you think. Good God, to be taken all in one night by a Spanish she-wolf for a corpse-robber and by a spy for a spy!"

"Then," asked she, sharply, "what brings you here?"

"My legs; I know not what else," said he.

"But you must have crossed the river. How could you think Escalona to be on this side?"

"I crossed no river."

"I said—no lies to me."

"Lies?"

"Pardon, sir, I know you tell no lies. If you did I should know. Besides I see. You must have crossed the river by the pontoon; taking it in the dark for the track. That was not clever, sir. But what is to be done?"

"Get a surgeon for this man. He was alive—some hours ago."

"Ah—your comrade. And he was a handsome comrade, too," said she, taking the lantern and holding it up to the dead or dying man. "An English sergeant. Ah, well. *He* will fight no more."

"He is dead, then?"

"Alas, yes. You need hold him up no longer. Lift him down."

Dick could not help a sigh. True, the dead man was no more to him than the hundreds upon hundreds of brave fellows, English and French, who had died that day. But he had made him his own, in a fashion, and he would have given his whole wealth, which was sixpence, to have brought him in alive. The English sergeant was lifted down, roughly—for what was one man more—but not irreverently, and laid aside, as dead and done for.

"Now for the living," said madame. "Mr. Blackthorne, you are a great, big, big fool, but I like you; it is nice to meet with a great big fool. I fear I have done you harm; but, in fine, war is war. Now you shall go free if you will tell me which side has gained this day; and, mind, what you say I shall believe."

"I don't know. And if I did, I should not tell." But those eyes and that voice, with the smile in both, were making more play with him than he cared to own. "Countess—I mean madam, you have done me more wrong—than—than a man who is not quite a coward ought to bear. I ought to be in the place of that poor fellow there. You've made me a spy and a skulker besides."

"A 'skulker!' I can not interpret that. But it sounds bad, very bad; and so I am very sorry, indeed. Mr. Blackthorn, when you go back to your English or your Portuguese, and ask about Madame Krasinska, *aus* Poland, you shall hear a great deal, you shall hear her called spy, and adventuress, and—and—one thousand things. And some will be true, and some will be lies. But you shall tell them back that if she loves one thing most above all, it is a fool who trusts and can not lie if he tries. I would have made your fortune if you had let me; but I am glad you do not let me, because so I love you the more. Do not leave off being a fool—the next time a woman tells you a story, believe, and believe, and believe. You will be right—some day."

She turned sharply from him, and said something to the Lieutenant, of which he could not make out a single word. But it could scarcely have been complimentary either to his honesty, or to his patriotism, or to his honor. For, instead of his being put under arrest as a prisoner of war, the officer clanked himself off and the guard turned in, leaving him alone with the lady and with the sentry, who counted for nothing.

"Good-night, sir," said she. "Ride off fast—and if you keep the river, you will reach Talavera safely. You will find your own people there—for to-day. But I won't answer for what you may find to-morrow—"

"What—I am free? Are *you* in command?"

"Of my own department—always. Good-night—and remember all what I say."

He took his horse by the bridle, but could not help lingering. "I hope," said he, "as you are in command they'll bury that poor fellow with his ring."

She shook her head, shrugged her shoulders, and smiled.

"Ah," said she, "I see there is no need to tell you not to be a fool—no need at all."

FABLE THE SIXTH.

ONE IS ENOUGH TO WAIT AND WOO.

It was another sort of harvest that was over at Leys Croft; and it had been as ample in its own way; and prices ruled high, by reason of the war. Everything ought to have been well with Farmer Blackthorn, supposing farmers to be made for the price of bread alone. Everything looked admirably well, now that autumn and rest had come.

All things except the farmer. The new life that had come to him some sixteen months ago had flickered down again, and left him more broken than when he had just gone begging for a hundred pounds. As he leaned over his yard gate in the sun, nobody would have known him for once hale and hearty Tom Blackthorn, loud of voice and carriage, and full of spirit and pride. It was not that he had grown older by full ten years, but the spirit seemed withered out of him. The genial laugh, instead of hardening, had changed into a feeble sort of smile.

There was plenty for him to do and to see after—poverty, at any rate, was no longer a burden. Besides, poverty makes a man fight; and there was no more fight to be seen in Tom Blackthorn's face or shoulders or trembling hands. All the work he was doing was to lean over a gate, and even that seemed too hard: all he was looking after was a drake with a dozen ducks in the pond, who were perfectly able to look after themselves.

But he got tired of even this occupation at last, full of fascination as it is, and slowly, very slowly, drew the gate open. Once it would have been with a clatter and swing, so that all the place could tell when the master went out, and when he had come home. Before passing through it, he looked carefully up at every window of the house, and then round into every corner of the yard, and up and down the road, as if he were afraid of his movements being seen.

"But I'll be too sharp for 'em yet," said he, with a chuckle. "Enoch Marrish ain't quite master yet; and till that happens I'll be my own. Not up to walking, am I? Well, they'll see—they'll see. I'll walk to the beeches; and tell 'em all about it at dinner-time. One would think Enoch took me for a child, or else a sixpence that he's afraid to lose. Well, well; I mustn't complain. He's a good farmer, for all he's so near. But he's not master yet—no, no. I *can* walk; and I'll show 'em I will."

But he happily had something better than will, or rather wilfulness, to help him—he still had the stick he used to swing and flourish. He tried to give it a flourish now, as soon as, often looking behind him, he had escaped out of sight. But it was a failure: and he was presently glad to have something strong to lean on heavily. The beeches were the clump on the hill towards Hunchester, over the ridge of which Patience had watched in vain for her lover's coming. It was not much of a walk for a man to scheme after craftily with a view to a boast: and there was a good path through the fields all the way. Moreover, the walk was full of interest even to a practical man. There were the cows; there were the fences. And for a man with the memories of a life bound up with every step, there were ten thousand things. In that brook he had caught not only his last trout, but his first minnow. Along this path he had walked every Sunday to church with his wife till he followed her into the churchyard; and out of the ten thousand these were but two. And then he had inherited memories; for it had been Farmer Blackthorn of Leys Crofts from father to son from before the memory of man. "Leave Leys Croft!" he muttered. "A good joke that; as if there could be a Leys Croft without a Blackthorn! When *I* leave it, at last, they'll have to change the name—yes, change the name." But, short and easy as the walk was, and varied with cows and memories, he was slouching yet more heavily on his stick by the time he reached the foot of the slope; and he looked wearily at the beech clump that had still to be gained.

"It has got to be a long way—a very long way, somehow," mused he. "They must have been doing something to the path to make it longer, or shifted the beaches farther away. Or may be they've been cutting some of the nearest down. I must see about that when I get home; and if anybody's been up to mischief, and think my eye isn't on 'em, they'll find out who's master still. No—I don't think I'll go up to the beeches to-day. They won't run away; I'll do the rest another time—another time."

There was, to put the case fully, an exceedingly low, broad and tempting stile on the path at the foot of the slope; and resistance to impulse had never been Tom Blackthorn's strong point even in his strongest days. His strength, or weakness, lay in sticking to the results of impulse whatever they might be. So he sat on the stile, and, having once yielded, there he was content to stay. Presently he began to want a pipe—which he found in his pocket, and his tobacco, too. But, alas! when the bowl was filled and wanted nothing but fire, he turned out his pockets for his tinder-box in vain.

Millions will sympathize with Tom Blackthorn; or at any rate so many as will hear of him. What sorrow, after all, can be greater in its pathetic helplessness than that of a worn-out old man falling back upon his pipe, and, when it is at his very lips, deprived of its solace for the want of one little spark of flame? Poor old Tom had passed through a whole army of memories patiently. But now he was ready to cry. And then the sun was so warm on his bowed shoulders, and the air so crisply sweet, that the army he had passed through formed their ranks, and, led by that pipe of Tantulus, came on.

And he might have disarmed them with a whiff—it was cruel.

But presently hope downed. A man was coming towards him from the direction of Hunchester—a man might have a tinder-box and a tinder to spare for charity. But "might"—he might not; and that would be the mockery of fate indeed. The man came nearer. But no sooner was he full in view than he began to turn sharp up the level path and move up the hill.

Such a balk was not to be borne. The farmer put his hat on the end of his stick and waved it in the air. "Yo-hoy!" he shouted; not with the lungs of old, but with some very effective remains.

And his signal was seen. The man turned back, came to within half a dozen yards of the stile, and looking at the farmer without speaking.

"I want to light my pipe," said Tom Blackthorn, in a rather querulous way. "Have you got such a thing as a tinder box? I thought you were never going to hear. But 'tis strange how deaf everybody's growing. I suppose that's what makes them all mumble so that nobody else can hear 'em—all but my girl."

The man was one to whom Farmer Blackthorn would never have spoken in the old times save to drive him off his land, if there he had caught him, with lifted stick and hard words. For he was a tramp; and a tramp of what was then held the worst and most dangerous sort of a tramp—a wandering soldier. It was always the soldier tramp who was made answerable for the burned hayrick, and the farmer's wife stopped and plundered on her way from market, and for the entries into houses that stood alone, and for the excesses of alehouse jollity. Considering what our soldiers were doing, it was amazing how grateful we all were to them whenever they chanced to come home. And, unhappily, they were often hard put to it to find an honest living, and so took, or returned to dishonest ones, while many a soldier who traded on his scars had never crossed salt water and had himself manufactured his own stock-in-trade. So, after all, nobody was so very much to be blamed.

Under the circumstances, however, the tramp was not one whom a feeble and elderly man with a good coat that had pockets in it would care to meet alone in the fields in those rough times. He was a sadly dilapidated tramp in the matter of ragged regimentals, and too stalwart and young to make it fitting that he should be out of work, if but a laborer's. There was something peculiar in his look, too, as he looked on Farmer Blackthorn without speaking a word.

"Can't you speak, man? Have you a tinder-box—ay or no?"

The man's hand made a dive somewhere, and brought out a battered tin box, once round in shape, that brought a sparkle into Tom Blackthorn's eyes.

"Thank you, my good fellow. A friend in need is a friend indeed." He drew in the first smoke, all the sweeter for delay, and exhaled it with a grunt and a sigh.

"So you're a soldier?" asked he.

"I have been a soldier," said the man. "Don't you—don't you know who—"

"Ah; I'm sharp enough. I thought so, by your clothes. A soldier—ah. Soldier's a sad word to me. But a proud one, too."

He must have changed, indeed, to be sitting on a stile and chatting with a wandering soldier. So changed that he half smiled in the other's eyes, as if courting a question, so that he might have an excuse for chatting a little more. But, as no question came, he went on talking as much to himself as to his listener, as old men will when they turn garrulous and have no outlet in a common way.

"Yes," said he. "I had a boy a soldier: but not a common one, like you. He was a sergeant! Think of that, my man—an officer, eh!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the tramp. "Why—"

"Ah—I thought that would take your breath away, talking to a full sergeant's father. Poor Dick! but he always was wildish: a bit too much like the old block, I'm afraid, when the old block was new. Yes; a full sergeant was my boy Dick," said the old fellow, coughing, as it might be with the smoke, and rubbing his hand across his eyes. "And as brave as a lion. But he died, sir, he died. You see my hat-band? That's for my son."

"Died!"

"Ay. You may well wonder that it's the worst that are left and the best that go. He was the best of sons; and boys will be boys. Did you ever hear of the battle of Talavera, my man—eh?"

"Talavera—why, I was there!"

"God bless my soul! Man—give us your hand!"

"Don't you remember—"

"Everything—everything. I'm wonderful for memory. I remember things that happened when I was seven years old: ay, and before then. What makes you look so sad and queer? Dash it, you're a hero, if you was there. So you was at Talavera, in Spain! May be—may be—I was his father, you know; may be you knew my boy? May be you saw him die?"

"Farmer Blackthorn—"

"Ah, Blackthorn—the very name! Sergeant Blackthorn—Sergeant Richard Blackthorn," went on the old fellow, eagerly. "Yes, sir; 'twas at Talavera that my boy Dick, fighting like a glorious lion for King George and Old England, died! I'll wager there wasn't a man before him. They sent me word from London how he'd gone down; and by Heaven, sir—I was the proudest—the proudest— Dash it all, man; did you never see a chap swallow his smoke the wrong way before, that you're staring there like a—like—"

"This is terrible!" exclaimed the soldier. "What am I to say? Farmer Blackthorn, don't you remember—"

"Terrible, sir? Terrible? What do you mean? I say it was glorious—glorious! And he was my only son. Did you know my boy Dick—Sergeant Richard Blackthorn, I mean?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—A well-known gentleman in this city is the author of a novel which relates the adventures of a party on a desert island. In the course of the story he describes the building of a steel yacht and remarks that the plates were riveted together. A critic, picking him up, asked him how they accomplished the riveting, and was met by the reply that the goats which they found on the island butted them in.—*Boston Post.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The King of Bavaria has spent $250,000 for a chandelier from the Meissen manufactory.

—Cedrac the Saxon, the famous boar hound, is the largest dog in the world. He weighs more than 200 pounds.

—There are 623,325 Odd Fellows in Great Britain, a gain of 38,377 during last year. The number of deaths in 1884 was 7,078.

—A Venetian gondolier makes, on an average, four francs, about eighty cents, a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear a family and put some money by.

—In giving his daughter $750,000, the Duke of Bedford gives her about half a year's income. His rural property yields that sum, and he owns an immense district in London as well.

—A Madrid man has invented a cane that contains a complete set of topographical and telegraphic instruments, a heliograph and a lantern. It is intended for the use of engineers in the army service.

—There are 150,000,000 women and girls in China, nearly all of whom are uneducated and ignorant. Chinese women are secluded, and it is contrary to custom for a stranger of the male sex to speak to one.

—As carrier pigeons in China are frequently molested by birds of prey, an ingenious plan for protection is employed. Ten small bambo tubes are attached to the bird's tail by means of threads passing under the wings. The hasty flight of the bird produces a whistling sound, and this keeps birds of prey at a safe distance.

—A few years ago, says the London *Standard*, the young people of England became imbued with the roller-skating craze, and rinks were built all over the country. The fever, however, was as brief as any other [vagaries of fashion; the enthusiasm died away, the rinks were deserted, the investors lost their money, and roller skates disappeared in the land.

—Mme. Hurtrelle, a well-known society belle in Paris, was arrested for drunkenness. In defense she stated that she read that the surest way of preserving furs from moths was to place them in an empty spirit cask. She accordingly purchased one and in it put her cloak. The weather being chilly, she required the garment, and the alcoholic fumes produced intoxication. She was acquitted.

—In London there is said to be a burglars' company, which conducts business in a systematic manner. It has a number of inspectors, who travel over Europe in quest of openings for "work," and mechanics who can open the most elaborate safes. Finally, there is a solicitor who negotiates the restitution of bonds for a commission of thirty-five per cent. All the managers have received a prison education.

—To incarcerate a man as a lunatic in Denmark nothing is required but a certificate from a competent medical practitioner stating that the individual in question is insane. Any one in Denmark is entitled to keep a private asylum without license, and the patients in such an asylum are not under State control. Denmark has an excess of lunatics, due chiefly to the Scandinavian habit of constant dram drinking. They are well cared for in spite of the defect of the lunacy laws.

—According to the *St. James' Gazette* the bar at this moment is the most over-stocked profession in England. The Law List of 1884 comprises 242 pages of counsel entitled to practice at the English bar, and each page contains on an average rather more than thirty names, thus yielding a grand total of about 7,200 practitioners for England, and those British possessions where English counsel have a right of audience. This total does not include the members of the Scotch bar or of the Irish bar, or of the bar of the Isle of Man.

A PERSIAN PRINCE.

Character and Daily Life of the Favorite Son of the Shah.

The Zil-es-Sultan is the eldest son of the King's first love. His Majesty first saw the Prince's mother, a lovely village girl, washing clothes at the side of a stream. Be this as it may, she was of the bas peuple; and the Khan Di (the maternal uncle of his Royal Highness and his Master of Horse, or Lord of the Manger), recalls, by his rude manners and boorish speech, the lowness of the Prince's extraction on the mother's side. But for his birth, the Zil-es-Sultan would ere this have been acknowledged as the Shah's successor. But to be of royal blood on both sides of the house has long been a necessary qualification in the heir to the Persian throne. Still, the reigning monarch generally contrives to leave his kingdom to his favorite son if capable of ruling. That the eldest son of the Shah by a royal princess is a weak-minded nonentity is known to all the subjects of the "King of Kings;" and the Shah will probably take the initiative in declaring the Zil-es-Sultan his successor. The young man himself openly says that he means to succeed his father, and the Shah does not reprove him for saying so.

The room is purposely darkened. There sits the Prince, supported by cushions on a mattress. He is evidently out of sorts; his hakimbashi is feeling his pulse. The Governor of Yezd, formerly his favorite personal attendant, is kneading one knee, the Governor of Bonat is gently rubbing the other. Two attendants are softly pommelling the princely feet, while the chief barber, an important personage, is carefully and scientifically shampooing the back of his neck. Mirza Reza, the Prince's confidential valet, a man who has been Governor of Fussa under His Royal Highness, is reading poetry.

Evidently the Prince is in pain. "Rub, rub," he cries, "ye sons of unspeakable mothers!" "Ah!" with a sigh of relief, "that is good—that is very good!" The chief barber, whose clever shampooing has earned this praise, smiles with pleasure. "Mirza Reza, Mirza Reza Khan!" This is shouted and the confidential valet stops his monotonous poetry. "Let our chief barber have our fur-lined cloak, the red one." The delighted barber, who is to receive a gift worth thirty pounds, stops to thank the Prince. "Rub, rascal, rub!" is the reply.

"May I be your sacrifice, it is my petition, the petition of your slave, that his Excellency the Imam-i-Juma desires the privilege of presenting his salaams," whispers one of the royal attendants, entering the room bowing to the ground, his hands placed upon his knees. "Bismillah! let him come," is the reply. The Prince rises. He is an athletic young man of considerable muscular power, inclined to breadth rather than height, of middle stature, with small hands and feet, of which he is very proud, black curly hair, a fair complexion, a jetty mustache, and a voice exactly like that of the Shah. Mirza Reza hands him his newly fashioned hat of finest cloth. The Prince, who affects to lead the ever-changing fashions of Persia, hurriedly buttons his inner paletot of pale blue moire antique, embroidered with tasteful but rather florid designs in gold and colors. He wears an English shirt. He clasps the great circular buckle of diamonds—it is four inches in diameter—which fastens a plain black leather belt around his waist, and then slips into a yellow overcoat of cashmere shawl, lined throughout and trimmed with sable fur. Black trousers with a gold-lace stripe, made in London, complete the sufficiently grand and becoming costume worn by the Governor of the largest portion of Persia. He is at the present moment thirty-three years of age.

Let us follow him as he passes into the summer room of state audience. This ancient room is probably unique. In the center is a large tank of running water, three feet deep; from this tank rise stone columns, their bases composed of nude figures about four feet high. Each of the figures spouts from its mouth a tiny stream; all around the tank are various jets, which also add to the noise of falling water. Little light comes in through the colored glass windows and their curtains. Into and over the tank projects a stone bed or throne some three feet over the surface of the water.

Here, when Ispahan was the capital of Persia, was the royal audience chamber of the Shahs. Cool certainly, and picturesque; but, in a country where ague is rife, the man who occupies a damp room can not be wise. The Zil-es-Sultan is no fool; and he passes on through this extraordinary chamber into a large, well-lighted apartment, the walls and ceiling of which are elaborately painted and gilded. The intricately constructed windows of colored glass are raised, a large and the empty courtyard is seen beyond them, and just in front of the window is a huge raised hauz of stone, the fountains in which are spouting freely. The Imam-i-Juma, as he enters, is invited to a seat close to his Royal Highness, on his own royal carpet, which is about seven feet by three wide, and is spread on a thin mattress over the luxurious felts, three inches thick, that serve as frame to the magnificent carpet.

As the Prince sits at the open window the head carpet spreader, the Chief of the Police, enters the court-yard with the two robbers and their guard. Addressing one of them, the Prince says in a loud and angry tone: "Ah! son of a dog, so you, too, levy taxes on my father's subjects?" "May I be your Highness' sacrifice, it isn't my fault," mutters the criminal. The Prince turns to the Imam-i-Juma, a tall descendant of the Prophet in a black turban, and details the crimes of the robber. The high priest nods: "Yes, yes; may I be your sacrifice, he is indeed a merciless one!" "So I think," replies the Prince. "Take him away!" And the Prince whispers something into the ear of the farrash-bashi, who is standing close to the open window. "As for you"—the other prisoner bows to the ground—"you are an ass, the father of all asses. You, rascal, may thank our mercy; you are dismissed." The farrash-bashi retires with his prisoners. Their irons are removed. The one walks off a free man: a sullen booming report in a few minutes announces the blowing from a gun of the other.

The Imam-i-Juma takes his leave. The Prince yawns, carelessly saying: "The one dog is gone at last; bring the other four." Two fine Dutch mastiffs of tawny hue are led into the court-yard, as well as two small three-quarter-bred bull dogs. They are loosed at the Prince's order, and career wildly about the court-yard. The Prince feeds them with sugar, as he breakfasts in solitary state. Unlike most Persians, he does not smoke. Then he plays perhaps a game or two of chess, of which he is very fond—a good player, too, though etiquette, of course, does not allow him to be beaten. Then he sallies forth to ride, and, once in the saddle, the Zil-es-Sultan is happy. He rides wildly, but well. He shouts, he smiles, he is in the best of tempers. Perhaps he dismounts to shoot at a mark. Being a fine shot, he is fond of displaying his prowess; he will break bottles, he will hit oranges, eggs and halfpence flying; he seldom even misses a keran, a silver coin a little bigger than a six-pence, when flung into the air, and all with a bullet from a fowling-piece.

The days of his youth are over—the wild youth of a favored Eastern Prince. Married to the wealthy daughter of a former Prime Minister of Persia (who was strangled by order of the present Shah), the Prince was left a widower about five years ago. His son, the Jalalu-Dowleh, is a promising youth of fifteen, and the nominal Governor of Shiraz under his father. The Prince has several daughters. He dines about eight, still alone, and at nine generally retires to his harem, where we can not follow him even with our invisible cap.

A Governor of vast provinces from his cradle, firm and sometimes, perhaps, unscrupulous, a hard but just master, wily as a Governor in Persia has need to be, unprejudiced, unfanatical, generous, with many virtues and few foibles, such is the Shah's favorite son.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—A good story is told of a farmer in Georgia who rented some land last year to a colored man for a third of the crop. When the drought came on his corn and cotton were affected by it. He gathered two bales of cotton and two wagon loads of corn. The latter he penned up for his own use and the cotton was sold. When his landlord called for his share he was told there was none for him. He was thunderstruck and asked: "Didn't I rent you the land for a third of the crop?" "Yes, boss," said the man, "but you see dere was no third. Dere was only two bales of cotton and two loads of corn; all mine and nuffin' for you by de contract." And the landlord could not make Cuffee believe any other way.

—"An ideally pure water," said Prof. Willis G. Tucker, in an address before the Albany (N. Y.) Institute, the other night, "should be clear, colorless, tasteless and odorless, though little such exists in nature, and these properties are not necessarily proof of purity. Water may be as clear as crystal and yet carry typhoid fever from a hamlet on one side of a mountain to dwellers on the other, as in the celebrated case at Lausanne, Switzerland."

—A man in Leake County was sent to jail for thirty days, for playfully pointing a gun at another person.—*Natchez (Miss.) Democrat.*

—A beet was grown in Suisun Valley, California, that measured sixty-five inches around, fifty-five inches long, and weighed seventy-five pounds.

THE HORSE.

An Argument Showing That the School-Boy's Tribute to Him Is Not Undeserved.

"The horse is a noble animal and has four legs." These are the famous words with which a hundred million school-boys, more or less, have begun their "composition" upon that well-known and useful member of the animal kingdom.

As compared with other animals the horse has a prominent place in history and literature, sharing with man a modicum of his praise. The dog and the cat are closer companions, but they are not so clearly identified with men's exploits as the horse is. This intimacy was established by the fact that the horse is the only tame or tractable animal which man can ride. The person who first discovered that his legs and the horse's barrel were as providentially designed for one another as a ball for its socket, or a hook for an eye, must have been the hero of his day and generation.

The sailor whom Hood describes in one of his poems did not, however, take this view of the matter at all. His ship having sailed because of his staying too long with his sweetheart, he undertook to head it off on horseback. Never having been on an animal he had the hostler "splice" his legs under the horse's "keel," and off he went leaving "the inn a-starn." "How she did pitch!" She "hadn't run a knot" before he made for a fresh water pond.

"All the while she stood a-drinking,
Her body didn't take, of course, to shrinking,
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking;
And so she swelled and swelled,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin'.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder,
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder."

They "lay there lashed and waterlogged together" until a man came to his aid and cut them loose. And he'd be "blowed" if his legs after that were'nt always "bowed."

The close adaptation of man and horse led to the coining of a word or purpose to describe it. We hear of horsemen and cavalry; but we do not hear of dogmen or catmen, or even of camel or elephant men. It is true in this country we have the "cowboy," but the "cowboy" is only a horseman after all.

The many names for the horse show his usefulness. Steed, nag, palfrey, charger, courser, racer, jument, pony, barb, roan, jade, hack, pad, cob, etc., about forty in all—indicate his various uses for speed, sport, comfort and burdens.

The earliest reference to the horse in Scriptures, singularly enough, suggests a trade. Joseph, foreseeing the famine in Egypt, bought up the corn, and when it got scarce he exchanged it with the people for their horses. He gave them his corn and took their "cobs" in exchange as it were. The horse is mentioned in the Old Testament, most frequently in connection with war, showing that in the early days he was used for military rather than domestic purposes. In the New Testament he is mentioned only in the Book of Revelations, where a procession of horses of different colors, with different riders, is seen in a vision, ending with death on the pale horse.

The great historical horse, undoubtedly, is Alexander's Bucephalus. Perhaps when Alexander was a little boy he said or thought like another little boy, on his mother's rebuking him for breaking his toy horse, "What is the good of a horse unless he's broke?" At any rate, no body else being able to do so, Alexander "broke" Bucephalus, making the horse eminent above all the rest of his species.

The equine hero of Sheridan's ride would likewise stand a very fair chance of immortality if the poet had only mentioned his name. History says that Caligula, the Roman Emperor, made his horse a Consul, but in this country the Executive has been occasionally known to make some donkey a Consul.

Shakspeare refers to the horse scores of times, but the best known is also suggestive of a horse trade when Richard III. offers to swap "his kingdom for a horse." In fiction the horse has been almost as valuable as he has been in actual life. He has carried away eloping lovers, rescued heroes and heroines from peril, saved the lives of women and children from fire, flood and wild beasts, and decided the fate of armies. The fortunes of that soldier of fortune, "Dugald Dalgetty," in Scott's "Montrose" are almost wholly associated with his serviceable horse. Byron's poem of "Mazeppa" has immortalized the steed of "Eukarine breed." Theodore Winthrop's Mormon story, "John Brent," has made a greater hero of "Don Fulano," his horse, than of the hero himself. The plot of George Eliot's story of "Silas Marner" turns upon a quarrel over a horse. The horses that "brought the good news from Ghent to Aix" in Robert Browning's poem are familiar to every school-boy, though there were no such horses and there were no good men *to be* brought from Ghent to Aix. Cable's latest story, "Dr. Sevier," contains a graphic description of a night ride on horseback in the midst of great peril.

Dean Swift devotes one section of his "Gulliver's Travels" to an imaginary country, which Bergh undoubtedly conceives to be a picture of Heaven. The country is ruled by an intelligent race of horses, called Houyhuhums—a word that is intended to imitate their whinnying. They have for their servants and slaves the Yahoos, a degraded species of human beings. And when one sees the cruelties inflicted by some brutes in the form of men upon their patient, wretched quadrupeds, one is tempted to wish that somewhere and sometime the horses might have *their* inning and do the "batting" while the two-legged brutes do the "running." The author of "Don Quixote" has made that famous knight's steed, Rosinante, almost as famous as his master.

Indeed literature, from Homer down, is so full of the doings of the horse that if he were taken out many a poem and tale would be unintelligible.

In the life of to-day he still plays a conspicuous part on the race course. The Derby winners in England, and Flora Temple, Maud S., Dexter and Jay Eye See in this country, are far better known to large numbers of people than their poets, philosophers and scientific men.

The horse is also known upon the modern stage. In the play as in the poem of "Mazeppa" he is the chief actor, and he appears in other plays attached to cabs, sleighs or under the saddle as the plot may require. The other night in Boston, the horse in "Michael Strogoff" was shut in between the curtain and the orchestra. He got excited, lost his balance, and with his rider fell over the footlights into the pit. But he was either a very stupid or a very amiable animal, for instead of "killing a fiddler," or the bass-drum player he contented himself with merely bursting the drum itself.

A horse is generally regarded as a very intelligent animal. But the way he shies at every newspaper in the road doesn't prove it. He doesn't discriminate. Some newspapers he, of course, ought to get as far away from as possible. Others, if he knew it, instead of exciting, would soothe him and put him to sleep. Others, if he would peruse them carefully, would entertain him and while away a weary hour while his owner is in the house calling on his girl, or in the saloon taking "just one more" before he starts for home. So that he can not be as intelligent as he is said to be. However, nobody will deny the school-boy's tribute to him that he "is a noble animal and has four legs."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DYSPEPTIC GRUMBLER.

Wholesale Adulteration of Food and Drink the Cause of Dyspepsia in America.

"Oh, I'm used up with the dyspepsia," declared a sour-visaged, discontented-looking man to an acquaintance as he leaned against a bar chewing a nutritious toothpick. "I'm only one of thousands," he added, with a heavy sigh, "who have been made dyspeptics in America by the adulterations of food. No use to talk climate or cookery to me. It is the adulteration of food that creates dyspepsia. Why, bless you, the American cooking is on the average the best in the world, but it is almost impossible to get anything pure to cook.

"Alum is mixed with yeast powder, baking powders are adulterated with chalk and sugar, sirup and honey are extensively doctored. The first three are adulterated with glucose, which is manufactured by treating starch or woody fiber with sulphuric acid. It is never advertised—glucose isn't—I can tell you, and it isn't easy to find. A large dealer told me the other day that he didn't believe he'd had any genuine molasses in his store for years. I never buy any honey unless I can get it from an intimate friend. Milk is weakened with water and colored with a preparation made in the east. It is not generally known, either, but it is a fact that the milk of farrow cows is unfit for food, being filled with an effete excretory matter. And butter—faugh!—it is not only adulterated, but counterfeited. Fat cheese is made from skimmed-milk mixed with lard and tallow so skillfully as to defy detection. I was at an exhibit of butter and cheese in the State of New York awhile ago where the first prize was awarded to a cheese which the makers, with pride—mind you, with pride—afterward affirmed to be a manufactured article.

"Do you know what gluten meal is? No? Well, you see that advertisement, but you don't see glucose. It is a product incident to the manufacture of glucose. Fine fruit flavors—what do you think they are largely made from? Ah! the chemist has wonderful resources. They are made to a great extent from rotten cheese, fusel oil, sulphuric acid, ether, and other things quite as injurious to the delicate linings of the stomach. Many of the soda-water sirups, confections and jellies are flavored with such stuff. Of course a few persons use genuine fruit flavors. The sourness of lemon sirup and lime juice is strengthened with sulphuric acid. Candy is composed largely of glucose and flour. Mighty little pure sugar goes into it. Manufacturers claim the substitute which is made from corn is not objectionable. Candy is adulterated with various substances. Sometimes terra alba is used, and the coloring matter is often highly objectionable.

"Tea is adulterated with willow, oak, birch, elm, and other leaves, and with spent tea leaves; also with poisonous colorings. Ground coffee sold in packages is often quite a counterfeit. Among the other coffee adulterations, besides the old stand-by chicory, are dried liver, beans, pease, all kinds of grain, tan bark and sawdust. Spices are mixed largely with inert substances, and then injurious matter has to be added to give them fictitious strength.

"Thirty-two deadly poisons are known to be used in the adulteration of wines, and whisky is even treated worse. The popular lager beer is adulterated also to an alarming extent, for it is drunk freely by so many under the belief that it is healthful and can not be meddled with as are alcoholic beverages. Even drugs—the very drugs used for adulterations—are themselves adulterated. Deadly poisons are adulterated; Paris green, for instance, being one.

"It is impossible to estimate the amount of poison people take into their system daily, and it's no wonder some of us have wrecked constitutions," concluded the grumbler, as he finished his toothpick and sauntered out, wearing an expression of enmity to all the world.—*Chicago News.*

STEEPLES.

What Purpose They Were Originally Designed to Subserve.

In speaking of the usefulness of church steeples, we would not have it understood that their only use has been in connection with the bells. Along the coast there can be no doubt that they were often used as beacons before the introduction of light-houses. At Happisburgh, in Norfolk, a lofty steeple—alas! too near the ever-grasping waves—has had its steps well-nigh worn away by the continual traffic to its summit. We all know, too, how "broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane," when the country became alarmed at the approach of the Spanish Armada. Now-a-days our steeples are made to serve more utilitarian purposes in carrying vanes, weathercocks and flagstaffs. Although very rarely indeed met with in the churches themselves, ancient fire-places are by no means uncommon in steeples. They are usually on the first floor, and have flues going to the top in the thickness of the wall. It has never been satisfactorily proved for whose use they could have been intended. Some have supposed that such towers as have them must at some time or other have been watch-towers; but in remote inland districts it seems more reasonable to suppose that recluses dwelt in such places.

With bare walls and narrow loopholes, they must have been at all times wretched habitations; but picture, if you can, such an abode on a windy night. The gloomy surroundings, the howl of the blast, the perpetual whistling in the turret-staircase, the creaking of the tree-tops, a sense of loneliness in all this uproar. Can any situation be more conducive to madness? But now-a-days we mount our steeples only to repair the bell-gear or to hoist the flag.—*The Quiver.*